

The TATLER

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THE HON. DEBORAH GREENWOOD

Cannons of Hollywood

An interesting engagement announced is that of Lord and Lady Greenwood's second daughter, the Hon. Deborah Greenwood, who until recently was an Assistant Section Officer in the W.A.A.F., to Mr. Patrick de Laszlo, fourth son of the famous portrait painter, the late Mr. Philip de Laszlo, and of Mrs. de Laszlo of Ardeley, Virginia Water. Miss Greenwood's elder sister, Angela was married in 1937 to Mr. Edward Dudley de Levingne, brother of Lady Castlerosse



THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

America's Powerful Diplomacy

SINCE the Battle of Britain took on fierce guise the Americans have been generous in their praise of British courage and nerve.

In Britain we find a corresponding appreciation of the courage and strength which continues to characterize American diplomacy. More and more Mr. Cordell Hull comes to be recognized as a great Secretary of State. He would have moved still farther and faster by now had the development of American public opinion allowed him to do so.

His success a few months ago at the Pan-American Conference, when he lined up the greater part of the South American States in a common policy of resistance to the spread of aggressive Nazi designs, provided a necessary background for the stiff line which the United States can take in the Far East, without prejudice to the volume of their support of Britain in the west.

If we hear before very long that Britain, Australia and the United States are engaging in staff talks to determine their respective roles in opposition to the next Japanese grab we shall know that Mr. Hull's policy has been accepted. It has been a distinct advantage for the world that one man has had the direction of American foreign policy without a break throughout the past eight years and that that man has been Mr. Cordell Hull, backed up by a great and skilful President.

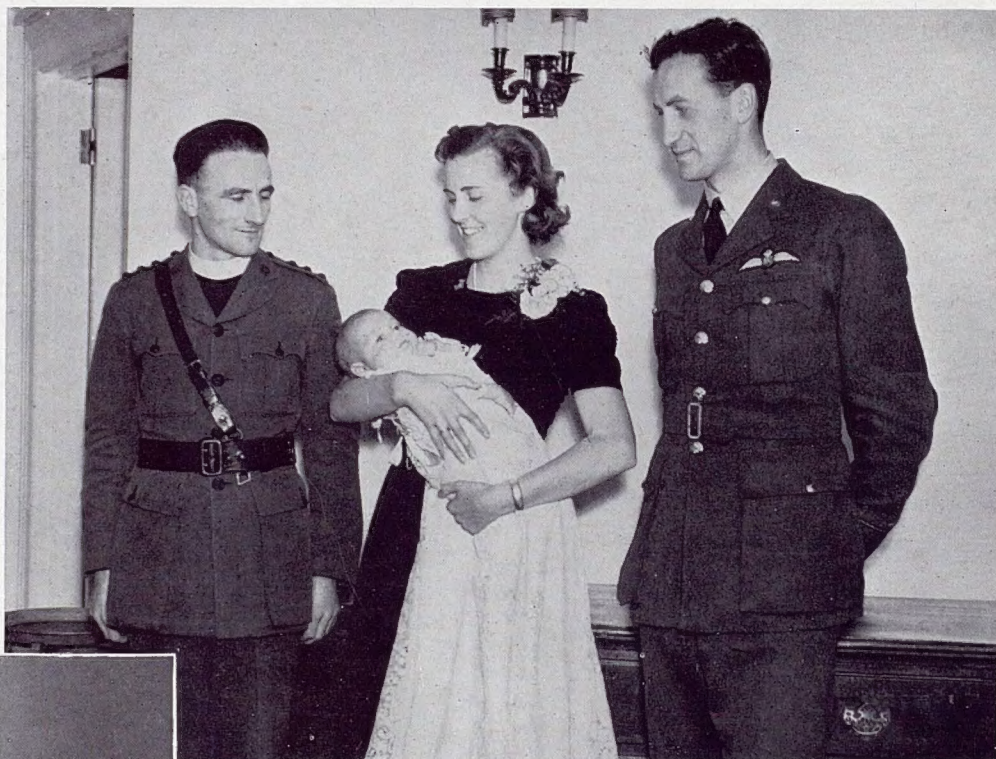
Will Japan Take the Risk?

DURING the past few months many private assurances have been conveyed to Britain that the Emperor of Japan would not allow his country to be swept into world war against major powers; that Prince Konoye, the present Premier, who has for long enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the Emperor, was well aware of this fact and would contrive to prevent the hot-heads from going too far.

The American State Department, which is

with the extension of Axis activities against the Balkans and Middle East, Soviet diplomacy assumes a new interest and importance. But while there is little doubt that Moscow is seriously exercised in mind about the possibility of a German drive through the southern republics, the Soviet leaders have not yet shown themselves particularly forthcoming in their conversations with the British and American ambassadors.

They have indicated that some progress might now be made in negotiations on small



THE CHRISTENING OF THE PERFECT BABY

Lord and Lady David Douglas Hamilton's first-born, a son, was christened at Savernake and was given the names of Diarmid Hugh, and his mother, as is well known to every one, is the former Miss Prunella Stack, the leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty. With Lord and Lady David Douglas Hamilton is the Rev. J. D. Ross, who officiated at the ceremony



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE

The appointment of Captain Oliver Lyttelton was welcomed by all who are competent to judge of his business qualifications which are rated first class. He has had no previous experience in the political world, but is the son of a former Colonial Secretary, the Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton. He was formerly in the Grenadiers and got the D.S.O. and an M.C. in the last war

fortunate in possessing some exceptionally able experts in its Far Eastern section at the present time, has for long held that Japan might be successfully restrained by strong and decisive diplomacy. It still does not follow, therefore, that the warlike naval preparations recently announced from Washington necessarily imply that an extension of the war to the Far East has become inevitable. But the balance of opinion is on the side of those who feel that deterrent action can no longer be effective.

Russian Riddle

Under the shadow of gathering clouds in the Far East, synchronized

questions outstanding, but that there are small prospects of reaching agreement on larger questions of war policy. M. Molotov, in short, continues to sit on the fence, anxious to obtain modest successes here and there, but quite unwilling to be led into steps which would imperil the agreement—for what it is worth—concluded with Ribbentrop on the eve of the outbreak of war.

Antonescu Drops the Mask

If doubts ever existed about the true significance of General Antonescu's rise to power in Rumania they have now been removed. King Carol was deposed from his throne as part of the German plot to complete the seizure of Rumania from within. Although it was well known inside and outside Rumania that the Iron Guard had for years been subsidized by the German Nazis—a fact which led to a sharp clash between King Carol and Hitler at Berchtesgaden at the end of 1938—some people persisted in believing that Antonescu's men would stand powerfully for national independence.

(Continued on page 72)

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AIR MARSHAL SIR CHARLES PORTAL, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

THE NEW CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF AT HIS HEADQUARTERS WITH TWO OF HIS STAFF
HE SUCCEEDED MARSHAL OF THE AIR FORCE SIR CYRIL NEWALL

THE NEW CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF AND HIS SUCCESSOR IN THE BOMBER COMMAND



AIR MARSHAL SIR RICHARD PEIRSE, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C.
THE NEW C.-IN.-C. OF THE BOMBER COMMAND

In its new Chief of the Air Staff, the youngest of the three great fighting services gains an officer who has been through the mill for he was in the last big war, enlisting in the Royal Engineers as a dispatch rider in 1914, but quickly transferring to the old Royal Flying Corps, for the air seemed to be in his blood. Incidentally he got his first mention when he was a corporal in the Sappers. The then Sir John French was then C.-in.-C. of the B.E.F. His air successes came thick and fast, for he was an airman of peerless bravery and dash. One of his first feats was to wing Immelmann's machine with a Winchester automatic—somewhat appropriate since Sir Charles was a Wykehamist. He got a Bar to his D.S.O. for his outstanding gallantry. After the war he joined the R.A.F. with a permanent commission. Sir Richard Peirse, the new Chief of the Bomber Command, went through the last war with great distinction and eventually became Deputy-Chief of the Air Staff, Air Ministry (1937). He is the son of the late Admiral Richard Henry Peirse

THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

Away From It All

LAST week I had the luck to be invited to spend a few days in the country. In peace time one knows what this means—the amenities of London plus the country air which one can always shut out by keeping the windows closed. Even so, there are some people who still cannot abide rustication. Like that witty American, O. Henry, they are kept awake at night by the noise made by the blades of grass sharpening themselves against one another. For myself I confess that during my few days, or rather nights, of *villaggiatura* I was far more disturbed by an uneasy cow than by any of London's wartime noises. This animal had contracted the habit of moo-ing the moon, making an extraordinary rumpus half-way between banshee and colic.

What I found even more trying about the country was the day-time lack of transport and the consequent diminution of the sources of recreation. I am no longer much of a walker, and after all, one Cotswold is very much like another. Motor car? But then, my host had only enough petrol to take him back to London. Bicycle? I had not been on one for thirty-seven years. This reduced me to the resources of the farm itself. Perhaps I ought to have said earlier that my host was the possessor of three acres as well as the cow already referred to. There was also a horse. But you can get tired of walking round a horse, and it is now more than twenty years since I saw the world from the back of one. As there is not much in the way of intellectual companionship to be derived from the goose, the duck, and the ordinary hen, one was more or less driven indoors to rummage among one's host's books.

Have you ever, reader, seriously inquired into the nature of a country cottage or farmhouse library? I take it that my host's collection of books was too individual to be typical. I found a history of Dorking, a monograph on deep-sea fishing, another on the origins of croquet, some bound periodicals of the 'sixties, the works of Montesquieu, a volume of Damon Runyon, and forty to fifty thrillers of the "Death in the Bathroom" variety. The wireless? Yes, until on the first evening the batteries gave out and there was none!

So it meant the bicycle after all, and a generous six miles to the nearest town, where there were two cinemas. At one there was *Irene*, an inanity of which, when I saw it in town, I could make little or nothing. At the other was *Rebecca*. Now I have read and reviewed the novel called "Rebecca." I have seen the stage play of that name twice. I saw the film on its production in town. I know all the conceivable ways in which Max What's-his-name—I really cannot be expected to remember the details of the thing for ever—murdered his first wife, or thought he had murdered her, or tried and failed to murder her. In short, I couldn't face the film again. And after the best dinner the capital of the Cotswolds affords, I set out

to cycle home again. Not too steadily perhaps, since cycling, after thirty-seven years out of practice, with scant illumination and giant lorries whooshing past one in the darkness, is a highly unnerving experience! "Serve you right!" said my host when I got back. "You should stay indoors and go to bed at ten like every other country-house guest!" And I explained that it was a professional point with me to discover how the man who genuinely lives in the country amuses himself in the evening. I discovered that he doesn't! On my way back to town I passed through Oxford which I found Ninotchka-ing and Deanna-Durbinating to the top of its bent. But then Oxford is not really country, and last week it looked uncommonly like town. Indeed there were so many people about that you could hardly see the buildings. It was with the utmost difficulty that I got a bed in which to pass the night there. I heard the rumour that in some apartment houses people have been huddled together on the landings. Dreaming spires? Let me rather say perspiring dreams.

And so, by degrees, back to town and the civilization reflected in films like *Star Dust* at the Odeon and *New Moon* at the Regal. I should have known better than to let myself in for the latter: the West Country air must temporarily have numbed a sixth sense which I possess in common with many of my

fellow critics, whereby we immediately know by the very feel and smell of the card inviting us to a film or a play whether we are going to be bored or entertained. This has nothing whatever to do with prejudice: it is an occult faculty begotten of experience and sharpened by time. In any case the title ought to have recalled one of the most unforgettably foolish of that Drury Lane series of musical plays which began with *Rose Marie*. The film was that same musical, with the same alternately cloying and romping tunes, with the identical absurd story of a lady, who could not make up her mind to love and be loved by a lackey even when he turned out to be a vicomte in disguise, and with Jeanette MacDonald singing away like anything to Nelson Eddy.

The other film was a behind-the-scenes-in-Hollywood story showing how a glamorous film star, going away for the weekend leaves the script of her new film lying around so that the ambitious beginner in the next hotel bedroom can steal it, learn it, and be shot in it by Monday morning. Apart from this unlikely episode, which is the central episode, I found *Star Dust* a quite entertaining exposé of the mad ways of Hollywood. The general public probably won't like it because it is disillusioning. But there are some of us who haven't many illusions on this particular subject. Roland Young is in it, and a pretty newcomer called Linda Darnell, though for me the film is principally made by the salt honesty and sheer likeableness of that mature and sensible actress, Charlotte Greenwood.



"NEW MOON" AT THE REGAL

Nelson Eddy as Charles, Duc de Villiers, with Jeanette MacDonald as Marianne de Beaumanoir in the new M-G-M production which opened at the Regal, Marble Arch, on October 11, produced and directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Marianne meets Charles on board ship on her way to New Orleans; mistakes him for a ship's officer, but later finds him a slave on her plantation. He escapes and becomes a pirate whose vessel sets upon the *New Moon*—the boat on which Marianne is returning to France. The film is based upon the musical play of the same name



MISS MARGARET SULLIVAN

The heroine of that good film *The Mortal Storm* which has drawn big houses to the Empire. By an unfortunate error, which we much regret, a photograph which was not that of Miss Margaret Sullivan was published in our last issue. The photograph was that of Miss Bonita Granville

"UNDER YOUR HAT" ON THE SCREEN



KEEPING AN EYE ON THINGS

Kay Millett (Cicely Courtneidge) follows her husband, Jack (Jack Hulbert), to the South of France, where he was sent by Sir Jeffrey Arlington, an official of the Ministry of National Air Defence, to recover a new aeroplane carburettor which Carole Markoff (Leonora Corbett), a beautiful spy, is suspected of having stolen. Kay does not know of his mission, but has her suspicions, and gets the job of French maid to Carole to enable her to keep an eye on things



CICELY COURTNEIDGE, JACK HULBERT AND AUSTIN TREVOR

Jack and Kay Millett are in rather a fix over the box of chocolates which contains the missing carburettor, as they have aroused the suspicions of Boris Vladimir (Austin Trevor), who is the chief of the spy ring and also proprietor of a successful restaurant in Cannes



"UNDER YOUR HAT" RESTAURANT SCENE

On October 11 British Lion presented at the Leicester Square Theatre the screen adaptation of the delightful musical comedy, with Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert in their original parts of Kay and Jack Millett, film-stars who become involved in a thrilling spy drama which brings them into all sorts of comic and compromising situations. Charles Oliver (left) is seen as Carl, one of the group of very wicked spies, who mistakes Kay Millett for Carole Markoff and gaily hands over the box of chocolates, which by this time she and Jack are working together to recover for the Ministry of National Air Defence



PANIC IN THE AIR

By masquerading as mechanics, Jack and Kay successfully outwit Boris the spy, who has fitted the carburettor to his 'plane. They hold him up and set off for England themselves. The pilot refuses to continue the journey and bales out, leaving them to fly the machine themselves. Some moments of panic ensue, but by pulling the stick and pressing every available button Jack manages to control the 'plane, and they arrive back at their studio, having accomplished their mission, just in time to complete the last scene of the film they were making

A ROYAL BIRTHDAY IN ROYAL BUCKS

PRINCE EDWARD OF KENT WITH HIS PARENTS AND HIS SISTER, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA



EQUITATION OF THE SAFER KIND: PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN THE GROUNDS OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT'S LOVELY BUCKINGHAMSHIRE ABODE



DISASTER IS POSSIBLE EVEN IF THE STEED IS ONLY MADE OF INDIA-RUBBER

It is not always so simple as all this when the animal elects to roll over you and declines to get up. Seeing that it was the young jockey's fifth birthday, this behaviour was not quite handsome



A LESSON IN THE SCIENCE OF CROQUET: THE DUKE OF KENT AND HIS SON AND HEIR



T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN;
ALSO MOUFF, THE CHOW

The beautiful house in Buckinghamshire where the little Prince Edward of Kent kept his fifth birthday was left to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent by his great-aunt, the late Princess Victoria Alexandra, elder sister of the late King George V., and is one of the most attractive in Royal Bucks. Prince Edward was born on October 9, 1935, and his sister, the Princess Alexandra, on Christmas Day, 1936. The marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent was solemnized on November 29, 1934, she then being the Princess Marina, youngest daughter of H.R.H. the late Prince Nicholas of Greece. H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, like his illustrious grandsire, and his brother, the present King, was originally a sailor and became a midshipman in 1921. He is a Major-General in the Army and a Group Captain in the R.A.F., in which he is at present serving

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

By BRIDGET CHETWYND

Officers' Sunday Club

HERE youth and beauty are to be found, transforming the English Sunday into a gay affair. The basic ingredients of hunt balls, the Berkeley, Ascot, and the Highland Games, have, in wartime, boiled themselves down to this. Mothers, proud or petulant, lead around daughters gay or sulky, while the inevitable spanking blondes hold the floor with the lads in khaki, kilts, and Air Force blue.

It all happens at the Dorchester, on tea and dainty sandwiches, and is organised by



CHAIRMAN OF THE W.V.S.

The Dowager Marchioness of Reading, National Chairman of the Women's Voluntary Services, whose range of work is enormous and includes such varied jobs as collecting metal scrap for the Ministry of Supply; fitting out refugees from foreign countries and homeless Londoners with clothing

Lady Townshend, who did the same thing in the last war. The object is to prevent our brave boys in the officer category from being at a loose end during the above-mentioned grim institution, the English Sunday, and the flower of our girlhood is there to help.

General Kentish is honorary secretary, and is there throughout, behaving rather like a Field Master during an unwieldy day with the Quorn, and making some pretty good jokes on the side. I am told that among his other functions are speeches on morale: during the Dutch, Belgian, and French *débâcles* he was, like everyone else, usually a lap behind, but undeterred. I would back him to create morale by thin air out of disaster.

Cabaret Attractions

THERE is a cabaret every week: the other day it began with Lea Seidl, who ranged magnificently among the octaves of romance, including her *White Horse Inn* success, and ending with *Loves Under the Sun*, by Ian Grant, who was there himself, acting very smooth. Then there was Mr. Howard de Courcy doing terrific things with canaries, cards, reef-knotted string and jointless wooden hoops: you know the stuff, but he had it right in his hands, more mystifying than ever. Miss Virginia Dawn finished up the cabaret very neatly with such beloveds as "Darling, *je vous aime*" and "I'm in love with the Honourable Mr. So-and-So."

Coming cabarets for October include Polly Ward and the said Ian Grant (one of Mr. Cochran's writing boys), Edythe Baker, Sutherland Felce, Paddy Brown, and Gaston Palmer.

The band is really Ambrose's, all in the Air Force, and reassembled as a single, extremely efficient unit.



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. LAURIE GARDNER

The wedding of the younger daughter of the late Lord Mount Temple to the only son of the late Sir Ernest Gardner and of Lady Gardner took place recently. The Hon. Mrs. Gardner is the former wife of Captain Cunningham-Reid, but assumed her maiden name of Ashley in 1938. Mr. Gardner is in the Army

Nine thousand two hundred and fifty-six have come to the sixteen parties since April 14. Lieut.-General H. C. Wemyss, C.B., C.M.G., M.C., was there the other day, sitting with Lady Townshend. He is Adjutant-General to the Forces and a member of the Army Council. Miss Barbara Brighthouse, daughter of Harold Brighthouse, the writer, was there with a party, and members of the distinguished committee include Mrs. Winston Churchill, President, Lady Ironside, Lady Pound and Lady Newall, vice-presidents; the Countesses of Poulett,

Romney, and Effingham; the Duchess of Westminster, and among the young committee Lady Elizabeth White, President, Lady Mairi Stewart and lots more.

Two more clubs of the same kind are being started in Plymouth and in Chester. Lord Astor is organising at Plymouth, and Lady Gordon-Finlayson, wife of the G.O.C.-in-C., Sir Gordon Finlayson, at Chester.

In the Parks

SELDOM is more than one park at a time having a session with a time-bomb, and the others remain sources of pleasure



LADY MARY DUNN

A London town lunchtime snapshot of the daughter of the late Lord Rosslyn, and Lady Rosslyn, who was his third wife and the daughter of the late Mr. Eric Bayley, 17th Lancers. Lady Mary Dunn is the wife of Mr. Philip Dunn, only son of Sir James Dunn by his first marriage

despite trenches, guns and mounds of earth. After all, the waterfowl remain, and now the dahlias are out. I am glad that the Nazis do not seem, so far, to have stooped so low as to bomb innocent flowers.

There is no doubt that the birds have become raid-conscious: I saw some geese fly agitatedly off the Serpentine at the mere sound of a 'plane overhead, and dogs, of course, sagacious creatures, friends of man, and so on, go further, and have become shelter addicts. There was the story of one who preceded master and family to the Anderson out at the back and so managed to be the only survivor of the episode. It would be amusing if the Serpentine ducks and geese insisted on their rights of entry to the adjacent trenches. (Continued on page 80)



THE TATLER

No. 2051, OCTOBER 16, 1919

THE FINISH OF THE COLWICK PLATE, AND VIEW OF THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

Major J. B. Walker's two-year-old colt Chanda, who won it, is out on the centre of the course on the left of the rest of the field. He was favourite and won by a length and a-half



AN ARMY OBSERVATION POST

Lieutenant and Mrs. David Dixon watching things from a good vantage point. He is in the Guards, and Lord Glentoran's son—same name—is in another battalion

WARTIME RACING AT NOTTINGHAM



MORE UNIFORMS

Captain Butler Henderson with two more people who are doing their bit—the Hon. Diana Holden, W.T.S., Lord Holden's half-sister, and Miss Pamela Saville, F.A.N.Y.

(ON LEFT) MRS. ROBERT TILNEY AND LADY NEWTOWN BUTLER

En route to the scene of action. Lady Newtown Butler is Lord and Lady Lanesborough's daughter-in-law, the former Miss Bettyne Everard

(ON RIGHT) FLT./LT. ALLGOOD AND MISS K. FARRAR, AN OFFICER IN THE A.T.S.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORFOLK

Two of the most popular people who go racing, and both owners under both codes. There was a bumper attendance and fields made to match in every race



SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT—continued

Camouflage Question

THE announcement by the Government that troops are to be billeted in country houses is fun for the men, who might have had to cover under canvas, so careless are we of our assets. But what is to stop the indiscriminate bombing of stately homes? Surely they will now actually be military objectives? (Perhaps a point in their favour, judging from the haywire way our opponent is going on.) However, it is a problem, and has even been asked about in Parliament, getting the usual non-committal reply—"In due course—when thought necessary—not overlooked," etc.

Picturesque prospect of rooftops vieing with nature—why not go beyond the unimaginative tiger stripes or netting, and actually put them down for grass, allowing real cows to graze and ruminate? The chimneys could be fixed up as trees. More, the adjoining ground could surely be ploughed and planted in the design of houses: tawny mangel-wurzels for the brickwork, kale window-frames—a little rudimentary, perhaps, but the simple German has been well trained by Göbbels to accept the merest fragments of reality as truth.

A.F.S.

THIS is one of the immensely important new institutions to which we owe

a great deal; everyone knows that what they have done in the last few weeks is terrific. It is sad that more has not been arranged about looking after them during their vigils: canteen services have not been increased beyond ordinary peacetime size, and long hours of "standing by" and strenuous fire-fighting are spent without any nourishment.



IN OUR MUCH-BOMBED CAPITAL

"Terrified" citizens snatching a bite of food between raids. Sir John and Lady Marling and Miss Marion Marling, Sir John Marling's younger sister, at the Hungaria Restaurant one night last week. Sir John Marling is the fourth baronet and succeeded his uncle, the late Colonel Sir Percival Scrope Marling, V.C., in 1936

However, the Y.M.C.A. are planning to do something about it, pending more permanent ideas, and fifty tons of chocolate have been bought as a start. Efficiency of tin hats was proved the other day when an A.F.S. man fell thirty feet on to his head from the roof of Tattersalls, and only broke two ribs and a collar-bone.

A fall out hunting often costs you all that *and* a bit!

Nocturne

THE combination of no taxis and the homing spirit let me in for an after-dinner walk the other night—all the way from Holland Park to Knightsbridge, quite exciting. I was much more frightened of the shadows than of the goings-on overhead, proof that imagination can be stronger than reality. Muffled footsteps stopped when I did, and the ghosts of Holland House breathed down the back of my neck, while Hitler merely caused a thunderstorm and some good lighting effects a way off.

Emerging into Kensington High Street, there was an amazing substratum of empty quiet, nothing alive at all, and just the traffic lights changing backwards and forwards for their own amusement, like people talking to themselves, and the queer little boxes that I imagine control them making those stealthy bronchial clicks one hardly notices in the daytime. Oh, yes; there was a dead leaf about, too. It made an uproar, scrabbling at the kerb in a gust of wind.

Shopping

EARLY next morning Mrs. Gordon Waterfield was out shopping. Her husband was in Reuter's in France up to the end, and had a job getting away. He has just published a book about his adventures, and a few years ago wrote the biography of a relation, Lucy Duff Gordon. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Waterfield, are stranded in Aix-les-Bains, having attempted, too late, to reach England that way. They have a Fortezza at Aulla, in the Apennines, and also Poggio Sherardo, near Florence, where a very special vermouth is made from a recipe of the Medici family.

Mid-day Revelry

MORE and more activities cluster round lunchtime, and midday has replaced midnight as a social peak period (although subterranean bottle-parties struggle bravely to maintain their toll of health and strength).

Ballet has joined the arts competing for supremacy at this bleak noon period, and the National Gallery 1 to 2 p.m. concerts can be called an established feature of the war. I went for the first time last week to hear Irene Scharrer play a programme of Schumann and Chopin, and enjoyed delicious sandwiches from the buffet in the entrance. Crowds of people, and some representative uniforms, including those of several Guards Officers, belying their purely sportin' tradition.

(Continued on page 102)



SALISBURY WEDDING

Major Lionel Gregory Bruer, of Adelaide, South Australia, and of the Imperial Australian Force, was married quietly at the end of September, at Salisbury, to Miss Violet Janet Vivien Johnstone, elder daughter of the late Major Charles Melville Johnstone, the Carabiniers, and of Mrs. Johnstone, of The White House, Stockbridge, Hants. The bride was given away by Captain Norman Johnstone, Grenadier Guards

Salmon



Barker

MAJOR AND MRS. JOHN FRANCIS

The wedding took place on October 8, at Christ Church, Virginia Water, between Major John Morgan Francis, the London Rifle Brigade, only son of the late Mr. J. M. R. Francis, and Mrs. Francis, of Hyde Park Gate, and Miss Elizabeth Mary Denise Pipon, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. G. Pipon, of Cadogan Place. The bride was given away by her uncle, Major E. G. Whately, at whose house, Kenwolde, Virginia Water, the reception was held



A CAVALRY WEDDING IN ESSEX

Captain and Mrs. Glen Holden Illingworth, he being a Scarlet Lancer, leaving St. Andrew's, Braintree. Mrs. Illingworth was Miss Diana Gold and is a daughter of Major and Mrs. Guy Gold, of Abbot's Hall, Shalford

FIVE WEDDINGS



LIEUTENANT STEPHEN VERNON AND LADY URSULA VERNON

The Duke of Westminster's elder daughter, the former Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, and Lieutenant Stephen Vernon, who is in the Brigade of Guards, leaving the Caxton Hall Register Office after their wedding on the 5th of this month



THE CAPTAIN OF THE KING'S FLIGHT AND HIS BRIDE

Wing-Commander E. H. Fielden and his bride, the former Miss Angela Ramsden-Jodrell, after their wedding at Taxal Church, Whaley Bridge, Cheshire. Mrs. Fielden is the youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Henry Ramsden-Jodrell, of Taxal Lodge, Whaley Bridge

(BELOW) A NARVIK D.S.O.'S WEDDING

Lieut. and Mrs. A. A. Fitzroy Talbot (*née* Joyce Linley) leaving St. Finbarrus' Church, Fowey. Over 100 British, French, Dutch and Polish naval ratings formed a guard of honour



A SUSSEX NAVAL WEDDING

Lieut. Timothy Capel Meyrick, R.N., and his bride, the former Miss Suzette Arnhold, leaving St. Richard's Church, Slindon, Arundel, after their wedding. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Arnhold, of Shanghai. The bridegroom's father, Admiral Sir Sidney Meyrick, was formerly C-in-C. the America and West Indies Station, and last flew his flag in H.M.S. York



PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

IN one of those amazing articles by Hector Bywater which we miss so much, he wrote (August 13, 1936): "The *Littorio* (sister-ship of the *Vittorio Veneto*, both 35,000-ton battleships and both now in commission) . . . will have a speed of well over 30 knots, whereas the *Rodney's* maximum is 23."

And here is the reason why the Italians were so keen on high speed: "During this period [British Admiralty communiqué, October 3, 1940] a strong enemy naval force was sighted by our reconnaissance aircraft. *This enemy force was then 100 miles away from our fleet, and already steaming towards*

tell them this. Von Keitel certainly knows. He is a first-class professional soldier; (c) that both our enemies know what the blockade is doing to them, and that strangulation is a racing certainty—one of those things that are past the post long before the start; (d) that both Hitler and Mussolini also know that they have neither the naval nor the air power to break the blockade; (e) that these are all hard facts which neither of these mountebanks dare tell their deluded people. Göbbels' and Gayda's bluff will be exposed sooner rather than later. You cannot fool all the world all the time.

are compelled to adopt, much in the manner of the knights of other days when they went to the jousts. The knights, as we know, hoisted either a scarf or feather or a bit of heather or a silk stocking or some such thing by way of a mascot, and these articles were usually given to them by some lily maid of Astolat or someone equally charming. Prime Ministers possibly have never obtained their various emblems in this wise, but they have had them just the same and have stuck to them like grim death, greatly, no doubt, to the satisfaction of the caricaturists. Those most extraordinary collars of the G.O.M. for a taste; "Dizzy's" simply dreadfully vulgar fancy waistcoats; that eyeglass and orchid of one of the more dressy of our P.M.s; that Rip Van Winkle beard of the renowned Salisbury; those rather ratty-looking pipes of another political Paladin; that never quite right gamp of yet another, and that *rus in urbe* hat of the most recent of them all—how they have each and all marked their man!

NONE of these distinguished gentlemen, as no doubt our erudite friend *The Tailor and Cutter* would be amongst the first to tell us, had at any time any claim to be stylishly dressed. Their coats, perhaps, may have got past, but as to the rest—no. For some reason or other, the mighty seem to go completely to bits about the trousers, and they never have appreciated the fact that that razor-edged crease which the press imparts to this garment does confer a definite cachet on the wearer. Even the great Lord Curzon's trousers were a weak spot in an otherwise immaculate sartorial whole. They were bad, but perhaps not quite so bad as Lord Baldwin's or poor Ramsay MacDonald's, and in the present Ministry the higher up you go, the worse things seem to be. In the lower portfolios you do find trousers that would hold their own anywhere, but in the stratosphere of politics the aim seems to be to collect the worst abominations on offer. There may be some deep underlying cause for this, but so far no one has disclosed it to us.



Stuart

OFFICERS OF A CANADIAN OVERSEAS SQUADRON

Some of the chaps who are aiding in the good work of putting the breeze up the Boche, and who do not, like him, have to be doped before they take it on

The names are (l. to r.) (standing): F./O. A. B. Jobin, P./O. W. C. Connell, F./O. G. MacDonald, R. E. Chandler, B. A. Hanbury, R. C. Weston, D. L. Forbes, and P./O. H. A. Sprague; (sitting) Captain W. R. Fysh, K.O.R.C., A.I.L.O., Captain C. A. Ruddell, Flt. Lieut. G. H. Sellers, Flt. Lieut. H. W. Kerby, Flt. Lieut. J. H. Hollies, Adjt., Captain W. B. Hoggarth, R.C.A.M.C., M.O., Captain J. G. Stewart, C.G.G. A.I.L.O.

its base at high speed. It was therefore not possible to bring the enemy to action."

SO much is written and so much more said about this contest upon which we are engaged, that it is not surprising if some of us feel our heads going round, and that the more we try to understand it all, the less we find that we comprehend. A bit of winnowing is only too obviously necessary. I have always found that broad facts, as opposed to German and Italian vapourings and wishful thinking, give the best picture. What are they? I suggest that this is a handy little catalogue: (a) that the invasion of England and the disruption of the British Empire have both failed quite definitely; that the enemy knows, and no one better, that he had to score a quick trick or not score at all; (b) that everyone, except Hitler and Mussolini, knows that unless they have absolute command of the Mediterranean, any Eastern adventure is dead meat. History, if they know any, ought to

THE disappearance from the political stage of a well-beloved actor induces a train of speculation upon the emblems which, so it seems, Prominent Personages



HERE'S TO IT!

Through the generosity of Colonel W. Tickler, the old "Show Boat" at Maidenhead has been turned into a most comfortable and up-to-date All-Services Club and is doing fine work. In the picture (l. to r.) are Mrs. Powell, Lieut.-Col. Sir Frederick O'Connor, of Tibet fame, Mr. Warren, Mrs. W. Tickler, and Mr. Arrigo

THE death of Lord Furness will have come as a great shock to everyone in Leicestershire. He was a very popular entity in that hunting world, of which it used to be said that it was peopled by all the hardest men and the softest women. Lord Furness was Master of the York and Ainsty from 1914-1919, and he made hunting history by breeding that fine dog Vandyke, who linked up very closely with Quorn hound history. Cruiser, who was Safeguard's famous son and won the Championship of Peterborough in 1925, was out of Critic, who was by Vandyke. All this possibly will start a bit of a pain in the hearts of those who wonder whether those fine grass countries will ever again be their happy hunting-grounds, or whether even if they are, there will be those oceans of grass with hardly a strand of wire.



A GREAT CAVALRYMAN
OF THE AIR:
AIR MARSHAL
BILLY BISHOP, V.C.

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

In the last war the only German who in any way resembled a sportsman was Richthofen, with whom he had many a scrap. In one of them Richthofen broke off the action when he saw that Billy Bishop's gun had jammed. Both these officers were originally Cavalry soldiers. Göring's "circus" in the last war was a different proposition—dirty fighters all, and it was a matter of great satisfaction to the present Director of Canadian Recruiting to bag 25 of these particular Huns in ten days. The gallant Air Marshal is said to have been greatly impressed by what he has seen in England during his recent visit



LADY OLEIN WYNDHAM-QUIN, LORD AND LADY DUNRAVEN'S DAUGHTER (ADMINISTRATOR),
WITH MR. ROGER DOLBEY (DIRECTOR)



AT WORK IN THE RECORDS ROOM FOR ENQUIRIES CONCERNING MEN
OF ALL RANKS AND REGIMENTS



THE DOWAGER LADY AMPHILL, THE
SHE AIDS IN THE D

THE FINE WORK OF WOUNDED AND MISSING



MRS. ROMER-LEE, MRS. HEATH
WHO DEAL WITH

The good work which the Red Cross Society needs any stressing, but unquestionably one of the most important has been set up for the tracing of wounded and missing in the Services. The untiring efforts of this organization of people who had given up all thoughts of their own lives at headquarters of this branch of the Society is at the Dowager Lady Amptill, C.I., G.B.E., and her relatives and friends of wounded and missing men to facilitate enquiries. Very often information has to be made through foreign branches of the Society, one of the most efficiently-run of all the many.



CHAIRMAN, IN HER OFFICE, WHENCE
DIRECTION OF THINGS

OF THE RED CROSS ING DEPARTMENT



AND MISS HAMILTON-WEDDERBURN,
ALL ENQUIRIES

doing in every one of its departments hardly
finest of its activities is the department which
missing relatives and friends in every branch of
have brought about the reunion of thousands
ing any more of those they hold dear. The
place in London and is under the chairmanship
the directorship of Mr. Roger Dolbey. All day
come in, sometimes with hardly more than a
on about the whereabouts of the missing men
Cross Society operating in alien countries. It is
misations which this war has called into being



LADY OLEIN WYNDHAM-QUIN, THE HIGHLY EFFICIENT
ADMINISTRATOR, AT WORK IN HER OFFICE



MRS. HEALD AND MRS. GALLOWAY INTERVIEWING ENQUIRERS
IN THE RECEPTION ROOM

Photos.: Tunbridge-Sedgwick

*Lenare*

MISS SUZANNE DU BOULAY

The Westminster Hospital is the scene of action where Miss Suzanne du Boulay and her sister, Mrs. Iain Murray, are doing their Red Cross work. They are the daughters of the late Colonel A. H. du Boulay and of Lady Elles, wife of General Sir Hugh Elles, appointed chief of the operational staff of the Civil Defence Services last April, who has now succeeded Sir Geoffrey Peto as Regional Commissioner of the South Western Region

IN THE RED
CROSS LINE:
SOME DEVOTED
YOUNG WORKERS

*Yevonde*

THE HON. MRS. AUBREY ESSON-SCOTT

Since the outbreak of war Viscount Falkland's elder daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Esson-Scott, wife of the racing motorist whom she married in 1937, has been nursing in both civil and military hospitals. She has a small son by a former marriage called Simon, aged eight, and her home is at Wadhurst, in Sussex

*Kay Vaughan*(ON LEFT) MISS PRIMROSE
BUCHAN-HEPBURN

The only daughter of Sir John and Lady Buchan-Hepburn, of Smeaton-Hepburn, Preston Kirk, Haddingtonshire. Miss Primrose Buchan-Hepburn is doing V.A.D. work at Millbank Hospital. Her uncle, Mr. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, M.P. for the East Toxteth Division of Liverpool, is tall, fair-haired, and one of the best-looking men in Parliament. At one time he was Hon. Attaché to H.M. Embassy in Constantinople, and was one of the Lords Commissioners in Mr. Churchill's Government until June, when he left to join the Army

FOR
VALOUR
Two V.C.s
and
a D.F.C.

THE TATLER
OCTOBER 16, 1940



SERGEANT JOHN HANNAH, V.C. (ALSO ON LEFT),
AND PILOT OFFICER C. A. H. CONNOR, D.F.C.,
AND (ON RIGHT) SERGT. HANNAH AND FLT. LT.
R. A. B. LEAROYD, V.C.

Sergeant Hannah, who is only eighteen, got his Cross for as gallant a deed as any that have ever won that decoration: he put out a fire in his 'plane that was causing the ammunition to explode, and his pilot, P./O. Connor, carried on and safely landed the ship. Flt.Lt. Roderick Alistair Brook Learoyd got his V.C. for his accurate low bombing of the Dortmund-Ems Canal on the night of August 12 in the face of very heavy fire. Flt.Lt. Learoyd made his attack from 150 ft. The leading 'planes in the attack were both put out of action



WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Tragedy of Poland

ONE of the minor—or is it major?—tragedies of this war is the utter and complete spiritual bewilderment which it has caused in the hearts and minds of all even fairly decent people! The causes they already know. The methods alone horrify the imagination. The utterly wanton destruction of human liberty—liberty which men for generation

are so much more vital to themselves than the end of any human ideal. For, say what you will, aggression is rarely for other means than the satisfaction of personal ambition in a mere handful of men—their greater prosperity, their insensate greed of power. And for this handful, humanity must be sacrificed in greater pain and suffering and loss than anything Christ can have suffered on the Cross. Oh, the utter beastliness of it all!

Everything destroyed which once made human life something approaching dignity and usefulness. As I watch the thousands of peace-loving men and women scuttling into A.R.P. shelters, living daily lives which revolt everything in the human mind which is constructive and beautiful, I feel that only an all-powerful God could have contrived such a mockery of human necessity and broken more completely the heart of those who would make of man's life a simple, natural and very lovely thing. For heart-break this war is—not only materially or sentimentally, but spiritually. And mere words have lost the comfort of their significance. Indeed, sometimes it would seem as if humanity were never to be given a chance. That the higher mentality which differentiates us from the animals would be turned against us for our own self-destruction. And the vast majority the helpless victims of this universal suicide. Could men ever turn back, there might be some chance of re-learning the more vital lessons; but there is no turning back and wisdom is as blindly relentless as ignorance. It must go forward even though to its undoing. And until mankind changes his nature and becomes clear-sighted enough to harness his inventions to his own higher purposes, I can only see a ray of light so tiny as to be practically invisible.

Reading, for example, "An Englishwoman's" inspiring yet pathetic book, "My Name is Million": The Experiences of an Englishwoman in Poland (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.), I begin to feel more than

ever that there is no divine sense in anything, live our lives out though we must. Pessimist I may be, but an optimist is always so busy looking after posterity that he seems to forget that we are posterity to the generations of men and women who once fought for liberty and justice, sacrificed themselves and, for the time being, won. Yet, look at the world to-day! And even granted that eventual exhaustion may bring peace, of what good would such a peace be if two generations later the horror might be repeated? And, as for words—the words which heralded in the peace after the Great War are still ringing in my ears! And do they sound hollow and repetitious? I'll say they do! Metaphorical Kaisers—big, little and would-be—never get publicly hanged. Which is the only way to exterminate the race and at the very earliest opportunity.

THE tragedy of Poland is the tragedy of this conviction. This Englishwoman, who must remain anonymous until after the war, was married to a Pole soon after the last war. She knew most of the big capitals of Europe, but Warsaw for some time struck her as being totally unlike the rest. In the beginning she found it difficult to understand her new environment, but later she learned to love it, not only with her heart, but with her mind. And this Poland she learned to love was the modern Poland: The Poland which had emerged, after long tribulation, at the end of 1919. A Poland rebuilt and inspired anew. The more tragic and pathetic, therefore, the wanton destruction at the hands of the Germans of this beginning of a magnificent achievement out of difficult material! Everything beautiful laid waste. The country in ruins, but, it is to be hoped, not yet dead. A country which will surely rise again when human liberty and freedom once more return to the world. It is this utter wantonness of destruction, both at the hands of the Russians as well as at the

hands of the Germans, which so distressed and infuriated the writer. She describes it so well that there will not be a reader of her remarkable book who will not share her anger and disgust. Indeed, it is a book which should be read by everyone, not only now, but especially later on when the war will be over. And not only for its human interest, but in order to keep alive the resolve for a more securely peaceful world.

The ruin of Poland will live for ever as a warning of what Might can accomplish over Right whenever it is allowed to achieve its evil purposes. Of her own personal experience this Englishwoman tells us how she waited in Warsaw until the Germans were at the gates of the city; how she then moved out towards those lines of defence which the Poles hoped would hold back the enemy. Then, at long last, she found temporary sanctuary in the house of a big Polish landowner. Two terrors lay in wait for the Poles, she tells us. The horror of German warfare, and

(Continued on page 90)



CHARLES MORGAN; PORTRAIT HEAD BY GORDON ALCHIN

Charles Morgan's new long novel, "The Voyage" (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.), is perhaps the most important book he has written, and admirers of his former works will find this novel of France in the 'eighties of the last century of absorbing interest. Charles Morgan was born in Kent, and entered the Navy. He left the Service at an early age to take up writing as a career, but rejoined in 1914, and again at the outbreak of the present war

after generation have striven to achieve. The complete destruction of so much that was dignified and beautiful—achievements which among the animals almost alone justified mankind in its much-vaunted superiority. Liberty may eventually come again, but beauty destroyed is destroyed for all time. And God knows human life has all the need of the beautiful achievements which genius and opportunity can provide! War, always a horrid thing, has become indescribably loathsome. Yet one might almost endure this loathsomeness could one see in time the end of it all—that New Jerusalem towards which man is supposed to set his face, but which in reality most men refuse to see. Their own ends



FAMOUS SINGER'S ARTIST SON

Boris Chaliapin, the 32-year-old son of Fédor Ivanovitch Chaliapin, the world-famous Russian singer who died in 1938, is seen (on right) with the portrait he has just completed of his compatriot, the distinguished composer and pianist, Sergei Rachmaninoff (on left). Boris Chaliapin is an entirely self-taught artist whose work is praised unanimously by the critics.

He has two sisters, one of whom married Count Jean de Limur

WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM—No. 9



"REVVING" UP—A SPOT OF BOTHER

BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

It is related to us by a technical expert that what has happened is that the leading aircraft of the little covey lined up on the flight deck has started to make it a bit more than windy for those astern of her. The pilot, having switched his engine on, is seen chatting to a pal and is quite oblivious of the havoc that the wind-stream is causing

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the daily growing influence of the Russian menace—a menace which brought with it the usual cruelty, inefficiency and almost juvenile self-satisfaction. Later on she moved on to Wilna, where, she informs us, the Russian soldiers were amazed and bewildered to find plenty of food, comforts and luxuries in this capitalist State—a life of well-being which none of them had ever experienced before. At the end, "The Englishwoman" managed to find her way back to England *via* Lithuania. Her husband, however, was not so fortunate. He was seized by the Gestapo and she has had no word from him since. Further adventures in Germany and Holland she cannot yet write down, but her book will surely become a valuable contribution to the cause for which all liberty-loving people are fighting, suffering and dying. Every doubter of the justice of our cause should

successful than is, as a rule, the escape of the average man of fifty who suffers, as he often does, from a return of youth's wanderlust. Owen lived in West Bromwich and was a very successful accountant. So he ought to have become used to income-tax demands. However, I suppose the arrival of yet another of those dire-looking, buff-coloured envelopes brought his more wistful longings to a height. Besides, there was Mrs. Lucton—one of those wives who realise that money is to be spent by them, while having not the least conception of the difficulty of earning it—and a family of children for whom Dad is just a kind of bank. Then, on the top of everything else that morning, his secretary, Miss Jenkins, could talk of nothing but the green lanes of Shropshire. So what could he do, he tells himself, but drive his expensive car into the country, contrive an accident, and calmly decide that his home and family have seen the last of him?

Luckily, therefore, there was in his wallet banknotes to the value of £2000, because middle-aged escapes have to be comfortable. However, being drunk the first night and coming into contact with the police, this small fortune is nearly his undoing, even though he spent the night in a barn—which, at least, looks like a romantic beginning. In the morning, however, the whole world appeared much gayer than it ever seemed

at West Bromwich. Indeed, so gay it was to Mr. Lucton that he took on a day's haymaking with a family called Tibberton who, so to speak, were more rustic than a hayrick. Then he goes to Malvern, buys a large rucksack, puts on shorts and is dressed at least for any adventure. The first adventure turns out to be a clerk from the Black Country in whom figures have not killed his poetical turn of mind. Then, of course, the inevitable sentimental interest comes along and Diana, aged nineteen and the daughter of a peer, is his next companion. Thereafter he becomes the befriending servant to two elderly ladies who live in the sweetest cottage imaginable. With them he enjoys country cricket matches and the more picturesque aspects of rural life, until he finds a noble use for his money and thereafter goes back to Mrs. Lucton and Birmingham.

Actually, there is not much in the story except a charming sentimentality and a pleasant liveliness, but it is all so charmingly rambling that—the story being written by an expert—one is quickly lulled into a very happy kind of mood. All the same, one has the impression that Mr. Brett Young was also escaping while writing it, with as great a determination as readers—who can enjoy this kind of story in these days—will certainly do. Others may perhaps find it rather too pretty and playful for words!

Others Also "Escape"

AS another character described them, Robert Pine, Andrew Burns and Michael Fern, V.C., had the middle-aged eagerness to run away, without the breath to keep on running. Nevertheless, Mr. Humphrey Jordan's new story, "Tide Still Flowing" (Hodder and Stoughton; 9s.), is all the more human and likeable on this account. For most middle-aged people go through a period when, with youth slipping from their clutches, the only thing seems to be a desperate chase after it helter-skelter. Unfortunately the chase is a short one, and the return somewhat dilapidated. It happened thus with Messrs. Pine, Burns and Fern, but yet all had a glorious fling while it lasted. Each was a man of comfortable private means and two held salaried posts ashore. All believed that they possessed a superfluous amount of energy left over from their youth, and all discovered towards the end that indeed they had not the breath to keep on running.

In the meanwhile, however, there is a delightful tale of the sea to tell, with many adventures, and finally a disaster which, it seemed to me, need not have been a disaster at all, except that the story had somehow or other to be brought to an end. All the same, here is a glorious story of sea adventure from the point of view of three men who refuse to believe, until their bodies convince them, that the ebb tide of physical excitement has begun to flow. It makes, in fact, a really good yarn for middle-aged folk, though boys may not like it a bit.



DAME HELEN GWYNNE-VAUGHAN,
COMMANDANT A.T.S., ON TOUR

A group taken at one of the East Coast stations which were inspected by the A.T.S. Commandant, who, as the world knows, has also a splendid record from the last war. With Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan (centre) are, amongst others, Major Pye Smith, Miss Daphne Mulholland, Lady Phyllis MacRae, one of Lord and Lady Bristol's daughters, and Mrs. Letchford, the local Commandant

read this book, a book which, incidentally, is very well written indeed.

"Escape" Story

PERSONALLY, I like in these days to escape into books, or into my own thoughts—that is, if I have time to read or dare to dream. But I don't want my escape to appear too easy, and this for me was the main fault in Francis Brett Young's new novel, "Mr. Lucton's Freedom" (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.). It is just a little too obviously designed for those people who have only to catch one glimpse of a disturbing fact to turn away from it and, metaphorically, to pick a posy. As for Owen Lucton himself, his escape was no more dignified or more



THE OPENING OF THE FISHER NURSES' CLUB

This club has been formed for the benefit of the eight hundred nurses and V.A.D.s who are billeted in Chichester, and is at Friar's Gate, the home of the late Canon R. Fisher, and Mrs. Fisher. Mrs. Spicer is chairman of the committee, and the Hon. Mrs. E. V. Sturdy, Lord Gough's sister, chairman of the house committee. The opening ceremony was performed by Lady Leconfield. The names in the group are (l. to r.) Mrs. Spicer, Lady Leconfield, Miss Fisher, the Hon. Mrs. Sturdy, and the Hon. Mrs. Emmet, J.P.



JOEL MCCREA WITH ALBERT BASSERMAN

A scene from Alfred Hitchcock's brilliant new production, *Foreign Correspondent*, which opened at the Gaumont Theatre on October 11, showing the Dutch statesman Van Meer (Albert Basserman), on right, posing for the camera before attending a Peace Conference, with Huntley Haverstock (Joel McCrea), the American Foreign Correspondent, who has followed him from London to find out his views on the chances of Peace in Europe. The grim-faced photographer instead of snapshotting Van Meer shoots him dead.



THE PLOT THICKENS IN THE OLD MILL

Haverstock (Joel McCrea) follows the assassin of Van Meer by car, and after an exciting chase comes to the foot of a windmill to find the car and its occupants have disappeared. He notices that the sails of the mill are flying the wrong way round and realises this is a signal to a 'plane flying overhead. To his amazement he finds the Dutch Minister whom he had thought murdered before his eyes



TORTURE, A MEANS TO AN END

The spies seeking information of a certain clause in a secret treaty, kidnap and torture the unfortunate statesman Van Meer, believed assassinated. On the left is seen Krug (Eduardo Ciannelli), an enemy agent, with an accomplice, and Stephen Fisher (Herbert Marshall), known to the world as the head of an International Peace Society, but in reality the chief of the utterly unscrupulous and inhuman gang of spies, who has posed as a friend of Van Meer (on right)



A KIDNAPPING IS ARRANGED

George Sanders, as ffolliott, the cynical and clear-headed journalist, insists on Joel McCrea going to the country with Laraine Day (Carole Fisher) to use this faked kidnapping as a lever to force her father to disclose the whereabouts of the vanished Van Meer. The ruse fails, and Stephen Fisher and his daughter flee to America

"FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT"

ALFRED HITCHCOCK
CONCOCTS A THRILLING
WAR DRAMA
OF SPIES AND SUSPENSE

(ON RIGHT) THE FLYING-BOAT CRASHES

A rather long scene of horror follows the hitting of the flying-boat by a volley of shell from a German warship. Huntley Haverstock and Spencer ffolliott are trailing Carole Fisher and her father (Herbert Marshall)



AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Bomb Cure

A FRIEND who holds a leading position on the manufacturing side of the aircraft industry told me, on the morning after one of London's heaviest night raids, that the German attacks had enormously improved his health. As I knew he had long suffered from



FAMOUS MEMBERS OF THE A.T.A. (WOMEN'S SECTION)

Mrs. Alan Butler, wife of the chairman of the De Havilland Company, and Mrs. Winifred Crossley, the "B" licence pilot who will be well remembered for her "flying advertisements." Miss Pauline Gower, Sir Robert Gower's highly expert flying daughter, is now O.C. the Women's Section of that efficient body the Air Transport Auxiliary

illnesses of various sorts, I inquired the reason, and was told that it was because his doctor had been bombed out of his house! It seemed that he was regularly visited by his doctor, but that the bombing stopped the visits. No other doctor was readily available, so my friend had to go without medical attention for three whole weeks. The result was a spectacular cure—all of which probably has some profound significance if only I could work it out.

Actually it does seem true that the bombing has cured many people of minor ailments. I have heard of several who formerly suffered from sleeplessness, but who now go off the moment they sit down in an armchair. In one of the medical papers it was said that the bombing caused indigestion. My experience is that it enables those with the most delicate stomachs to bolt their meals without the smallest ill effect. In fact, bombs are so bracing. Give a hypochondriac an H.E., and he becomes bright and healthy. The invalid reacts instantly and favourably to a

couple of incendiaries taken twice daily after meals.

Tricycle Time

THOSE who have been flying the Douglas "Boston" medium bomber like it very much. It seems to be representative of the best American practice and to be a good performer in both speed and climb. Its tricycle undercarriage should make it an excellent aeroplane for certain kinds of special work, because landings, when once the method has been mastered, are made easier. Events during the past few weeks have shown the importance of the ability to work in all weathers, and that brings



AND TWO MORE NOTABLE A.T.A. PILOTS

Mrs. Gabrielle Patterson, who, before the war, was appointed on the Guild of Air Pilots to test instructors in the air, with Mrs. Grace Brown, who, during the recent operations in France, astonished the R.A.F. by making a good landing on the rough ground of an advanced air-field with consignments of blood for transfusion purposes

with it the need for aircraft which are as easy to handle in landing and taking-off as possible. I expect to see tricycle undercarriages widely adopted for Service use.

So far as I can hear, the Germans have no new aircraft with this form of undercarriage. That is all to the good, for the slower they are on the technical uptake the better for us. The German aeroplanes which were put on show by the Air Ministry for some privileged spectators the other day were well-built machines, made of sound materials, but they none of them showed much technical forwardness. Above all things, we never want to repeat the mistake we kept on making at the beginning of the war of under-estimating the enemy. The German air force is a formidable service, and the way it has recovered from the frequent defeats inflicted on it by the Royal

Air Force is a sign of toughness. But I do feel that if our scientific workers and our technologists and engineers spread themselves, they will keep us well ahead of the Germans in the technical quality of our machines.

Change

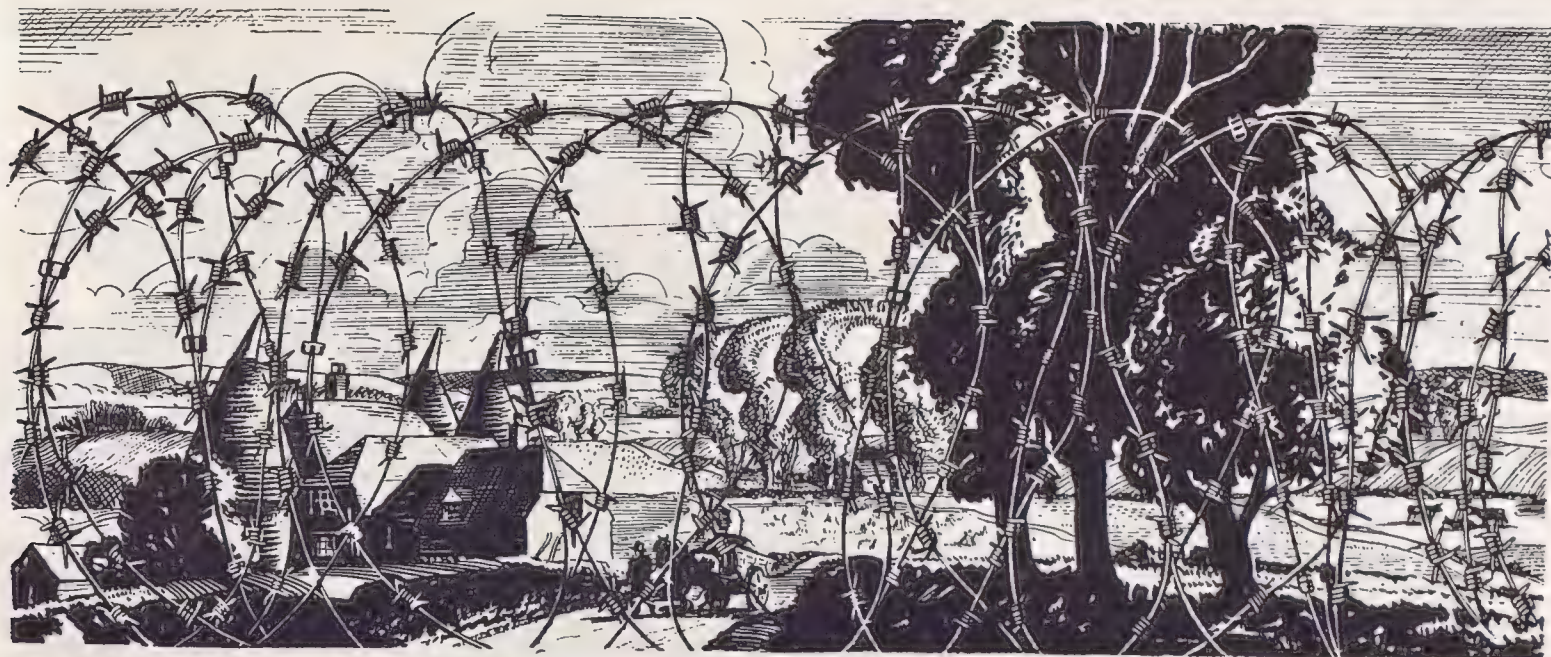
SOON after the announcement that Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding had been appointed a Knight Grand Cross of the Military Division of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, there came the announcement that Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Cyril Newall had given up the post of Chief of the Air Staff, and his place had been taken by Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal. I think most people in the Service knew that Sir Charles would one day lead the Royal Air Force. It was not only his brilliant work as head of the Bomber Command, but also his previous record which singled him out as one of our best men. Under him the Royal Air Force will exceed even its past brilliant achievements.

Here, however, I want to pay tribute to Sir Cyril Newall. He was Chief of the Air Staff during what must be looked on as the most difficult period in the whole history of the Royal Air Force. At a time when our numbers of first-line aeroplanes were markedly inferior to those of the enemy, when we had to fight under the extraordinary difficulties of the campaign in France and Flanders, Sir Cyril directed affairs with a sure touch. His calm and clear outlook and his steadfast refusal to be ruffled or panicked, were of the utmost value to the country. That the Royal Air Force came through that period and succeeded in building up its strength while maintaining an adequate air defence must be attributed largely to him.



DECORATED FOR GALLANTRY

Temporary Sub-Lieutenant Ronald Perks has been decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross for gallant conduct during the enemy attack on Moldje Fjord, Norway. Before the war Sub-Lieutenant Perks was on the advertising staff of Odhams, Ltd., and his proud father is Mr. Bernard Perks, General Manager of *The Builder*



The Future beyond the Fortress

In the armed camp which is England the group of companies controlled by Viscount Nuffield is occupied night and day in producing war material with ever-increasing momentum. This vast Colony under the Crown, with a population running into many thousands, and with interests widely spread throughout the Empire and beyond, which, only yesterday, was engaged in the production of a major part of this country's motor transport, is a very representative cross-section of our war-time community.

Listen to the conversation of those who are workers by day and guardsmen by night. They, no less than their Leaders, realize that the manufacture of weapons

of destruction is but a dark interlude in the immutable path of the nation's destiny. Britain's wealth of technical knowledge and skill, its stability and its ideals of freedom and decent behaviour—these are among its most valuable contributions to mankind. And the Nuffield Group, aware of its responsibility as a power house of these forces, is planning now, under the clouds of war, to bring them into even fuller play in the happier days which will be ours when victory is won.

And it will bring to the rebirth of automobilism in this country a wealth of new technical experience that will consolidate its position as the major influence in British Motoring.

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

HITLER, Goering and Goebbels had a breakdown in their car, and had to get a lift from a passing lorry.

The driver did not seem to be particularly impressed by his passengers. Said Adolf: "Perhaps you don't realise that I'm Hitler, your Führer."

"Oh, yes?"

"Further, my good man," said the fat one, "you'd better understand that I am Goering."

"Look here," grunted the driver, "I can take a joke, but if that other little twirp in the back says he's Goebbels, out go the whole blooming lot of you!"

THIS story is taken from "Souvenirs," by Sacha Guitry, the famous French actor. "One day when I was out walking with my grandfather, we passed a blind man seated on the pavement, asking for alms. My grandfather put his hand in his pocket and drew out four sous, which he gave to me, telling me to put them in the blind man's hat."

"I dropped the four sous into the hat and rejoined my grandfather. After a few seconds had passed he remarked: 'You didn't bow to him.'"

"You mean the blind man?"

"Yes."

"But why should I have bowed to him?"

"Because one should always bow to people when one gives them charity."

"But in this case," I protested, "since the man was blind . . ."

"But my grandfather had an answer for everything. And now, as I think back, his answer seems to have been an especially good one. He said: 'Yes, but supposing he was only pretending to be blind?'"

HEARD in the Courts: "Her constant nagging got on my nerves so much that I couldn't hear a dog howl without thinking it was a 'warbling note of varying pitch.'"

"When I married my husband I thought I was marrying a man who knew how to look after his money. How right I was!"

"There was my wife, sitting drinking her tea with an expression on her face like a third and final notice."

A man entered a restaurant and seated himself at the counter. "A cup of coffee," he ordered.

A moment later, the coffee was placed on the counter. The nut looked at it with satisfaction.

"Ah," he murmured happily, "that looks fine."

He reached over, picked up the pepper shaker, and sprinkled a liberal dose of pepper into the coffee. Then he grabbed the salt shaker and repeated the procedure. Then, to make things even stranger he reached for the ketchup bottle and poured a healthy quantity of ketchup into the coffee.

The counterman watched the customer, his eyes popping. The other raised the cup to his lips and took a swallow. He jerked back and put down the cup quickly. "My goodness!" he cried. "This coffee tastes terrible."

The counterman folded his arms and glared at the customer.

"Well, what did you expect?" he sneered. "There's nothing in that coffee now but pepper, salt and ketchup!"

The other nodded thoughtfully.

"Maybe you're right," he agreed. "Pass me the mustard!"

"LOOK here," protested the hard-up one, "surely you can't refuse to lend me some money? One friend should always be ready to help another, you know."

"Yes, but you always want to be the other."

THE barrister was cross-examining a negro witness and was, of course, doing his best to shake the witness's recollection.

"You say, then," he thundered, "that the defendant was expensively garbed?"

"Yes, suh, Ah does," replied the darkie.

"You are absolutely certain of that?"

"Deed Ah am, suh. Ah suttinly knows expensive garbage when Ah sees it."



"Tell him he can't see me"

IT was pay day, and the old-time reporter hummed happily as he walked up to the cashier's desk. He had a date in an hour or so and he was in excellent spirits.

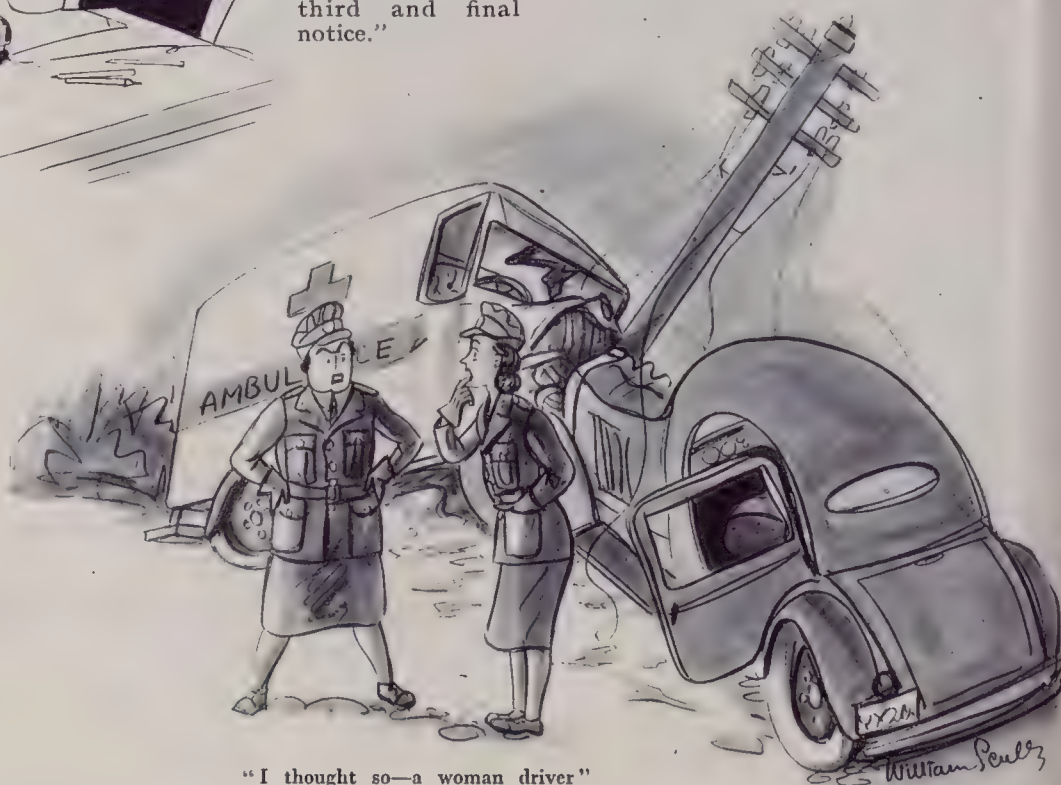
"How's it going, Charlie, old boy?" he chirped. "I suppose you heard I beat the town on the big society case. I got the news five hours before the rest. Boy, what a scoop!"

The cashier smiled. "This scoop business," he murmured, "must run in your family."

"What's that?" asked the puzzled reporter. "What do you mean?"

The cashier shrugged.

"If you want your pay," he explained, "you're out of luck. Your wife was here and scooped you by a full hour!"



"I thought so—a woman driver"



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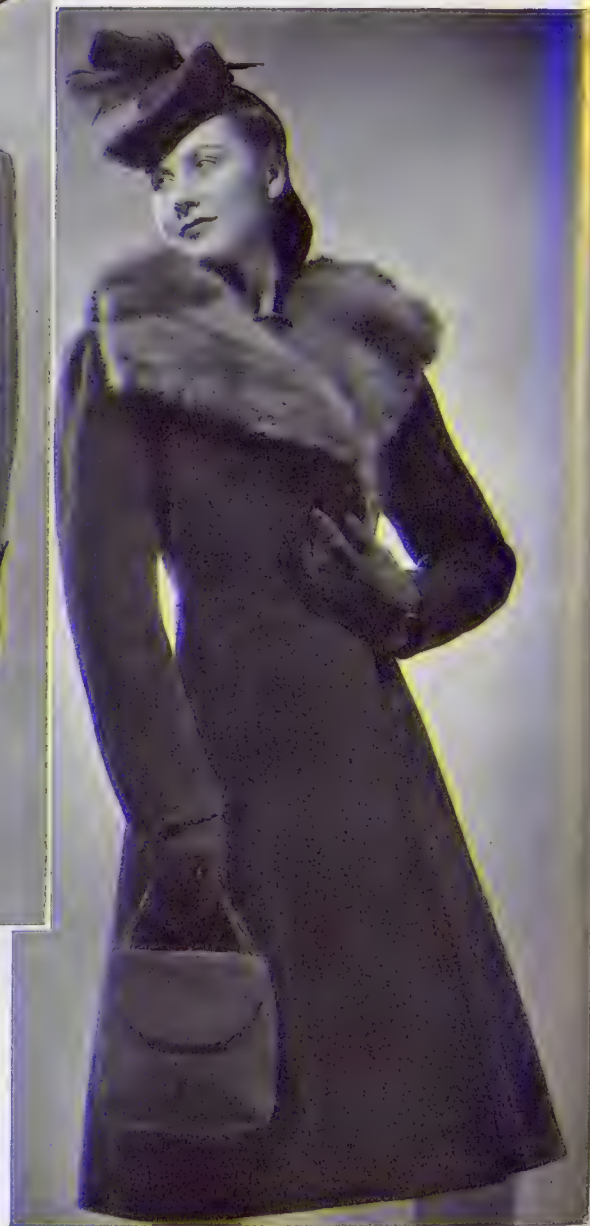
The Highway Fashion of

by M. E. Brooke



INEXPENSIVE, practical and flattering are the winter fashions at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. By the way, an interesting brochure will be sent on application. To this firm must be given the credit of the coats portrayed. Admirably tailored is the model on the right. The collar is of American opossum, which bears a decided resemblance to blue fox, and although it is lined throughout the cost is only 80s. It may be viewed in the stock size department on the second floor, and so may the coat above for 98s. 6d. It is carried out in 100 per cent pure camel hair; it seems well-nigh superfluous to add that it is perfectly ventilated, light and warm. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that mackintoshes are well represented. Standing out with prominence in the collection is one of fine quality satinette in all the fashionable colours for 15s. Oil silk capes are 12s. 11d. and coats 20s.

SIMPLICITY is the characteristic feature of the dress above, which may appropriately be worn on many different occasions. It is carried out in "Tested Quality" fabric of the worsted type made with Courtauld's rayon. A herring-bone stripe introduces a new note. There are many other new materials sponsored by Courtaulds, all of which wear extremely well



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The Way of the War—(Continued from page 72)

members of the Nazi hierarchy.

That De Bono should elect to go to Spain at the same moment, as a representative of the Fascist Party, is interesting in view of news which has been published from Washington. This was to the effect that the Italians, unwilling to surrender Spain to Germany as an exclusive sphere of influence, but anxious to avoid a clash with the British Fleet, are demanding from Vichy the right to dispatch troops overland to Spain via unoccupied France.

King Fuad, Realist

Because King Fuad of Egypt has ventured on several occasions to question the ability of the British forces available to defend his country against an Axis attack he has been the object of some private criticism. The simple fact remains that Egypt, like Turkey, Greece and the bulk of the smaller



TWO NEW CABINET MINISTERS

Sir John Reith, the new Minister of Public Works and Buildings upon whom a peerage has been conferred, his selected title not having been announced at the time of going to press, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, the new Minister of Transport.

powers, has one over-riding thought in mind; namely, to end the present war on the winning side. To consolidate the goodwill towards Britain existing in all these countries it is essential for Britain to stage an undoubted success over the enemy in the near future. This, obviously, is easier said than done. Sometime soon, yes; but tomorrow morning, no.

That success might have been labelled "Dakar." But "a series of accidents and some errors" converted what might have been a highly satisfactory operation into a deplorable fiasco. Publication of the war documents, many years hence, will perhaps show why the naval control at Gibraltar waved God Speed, with many compliments, to the Vichy ships which arrived at the West African port in time to "transform the situation to our great disadvantage."

Socialism in Bevin's Time

When he invited Mr. Bevin to join the Cabinet Mr. Churchill I feel sure, had certain misgivings about the determination of the dynamic trade union leader to see Socialism introduced in his time. This probably explains the inclusion of Sir Kingsley Wood, No. 1 Conservative politician, as a further additional member of the War Cabinet.

Mr. Churchill, one might gather, does not propose to set himself up as the opponent of the creed openly preached by Mr. Bevin. Indeed, he probably does not want to bother his head about such matters while he is endeavouring to direct the conduct of the war. But Mr. Churchill does insist that, if changes are to come, they must be brought about through normal parliamentary procedure and not through internal operations within the machinery of emergency government. If this reading be correct it will be the special function of Sir Kingsley Wood to "maintain close contact" with Mr. Bevin, and act as something of a brake on his more essentially political initiatives.

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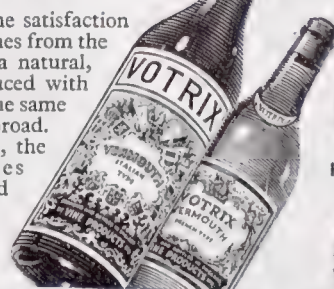
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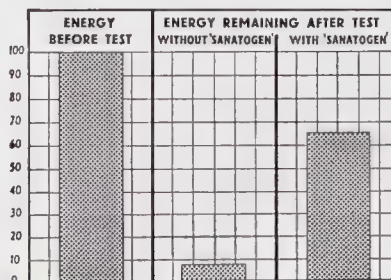
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MINISTRY  OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No 12

A FEW commonsense rules of diet may make all the difference to your sleep. Don't have a heavy supper, which might cause indigestion. Instead have a light nourishing meal, and eat it some hours before you go to bed.

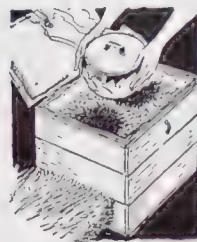
ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

A Light Supper Dish

Try fish and celery casserole for supper. Cut 1½ lbs. fillets of any white fish into convenient pieces. Roll in flour or oatmeal seasoned with salt and pepper, and put in your casserole together with the outside sticks of a good head of celery chopped into inch lengths. Add three or four potatoes roughly sliced, cover with milk and water, half and half, and cook very slowly for 1½ hours. Season with salt and pepper before serving.

How to make a HAY-BOX

Hay-box cookery is particularly suitable for stews, soups, root vegetables, pulses, porridge and bacon. *And it saves fuel.*



A wooden box measuring about 2 ft. deep and 2 ft. 6 in. square is a convenient size. You can often buy one at your grocers. It must be fitted with a strong lid, secured with hinges and a hasp.

First line the box and lid with several thicknesses of newspaper; then, if you have it, with some clean, old flannel or felt. Use tacks to keep these linings in place.

Pack the box *tightly* with hay to within about 4 ins. of the top, making two nests in the hay for your cooking pans. A padding of hay should also be fixed to the underside of the lid.

Make a hay cushion 4 ins. thick to put on top of your pans.

To use the hay-box, bring your food to the boil in a pan on the stove, put on the lid tightly, then wrap the pan in newspaper and put it in one of the nests in the hay-box. Cover with the cushion, fasten the lid and leave the food to cook, allowing at least twice as long as for ordinary simmering. When required, heat up on the stove again before serving.

Said Mrs. A to Mrs. B:
"Your meals have such variety!
In vain for new ideas I hunt —
I can't think how you do it!"
Said Mrs. B to Mrs. A:
"At 8.15 a.m. each day
I listen in to KITCHEN FRONT,
And after that, Go To It!"

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

Social Round-About—(Cont. from page 80)

Miss Scharrer of course played exquisitely, and looked very small and attractive. She is charming to meet, gentle and reassuring: had had a tiresome drive up from Surrey through three air raids. The attentions of the gentlemen up above, anxious to dispose of their bread-baskets (the idea of death in a bread-basket, whether Mr. Molotov's or any one else's is pleasantly macabre) interrupted once or twice, but not seriously. A discreet closing of shutters was enough of a snub, and no one's attention was distracted.

Lunching

People lunching at lunch time in the ordinary way last week, included the American Ambassador, Mr. Kennedy, Miss Leonora Corbett, the Right Hon. and Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, Princess Arthur of Connaught, the Right Hon. R. B. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada, 1930-1935, and Mr. Walter Crisham, up to do a Red Cross entertainment with Beatrice Lillie. It is sad to think that "the profession" on which we rely so much in what are called "happier times" should have time on their hands. Many of them, of course, are in the army, and most of them making themselves useful one way and another. Mr. Jack Hulbert is putting all he's got into the part of special constable, which makes one feel vaguely reassured and optimistic. Wrong-doing surely couldn't have much chance versus that chin.

Passing Through

Lady Annaly comes and goes, always full of activities, and undeterred by the menaces of the outside world. She was going to Manchester for a few days, and staying in London on the way, having been in the country with her children, Patsy and Luke, who had chosen to add to the horrors of the blitz by having measles, which is one of those long routine jobs even Hitler cannot

interrupt, but which succeed in interrupting their mother's M.T.C. work.

She is a sister of Lord Spencer, who lives at



COMMANDER LORD TEYNHAM

The Naval Control Service Officer for the Port of London is a former shipmate of His Majesty the King. Lord Teynham's responsible post means that he has charge of all operational movements of merchant shipping in this port, and their preparation for convoy

Althorp, one of England's show places. Apparently the beautiful pictures have all been stacked together in the hall, so if they are destroyed it will be in a cosy state of companionship.

Sporting Figures

Mr. Arthur Portman, his wife and staff have all been killed by a bomb on his Montagu Square house. He was seventy-nine, and a famous sporting figure—proprietor and editor of *Horse and Hound*, and a great authority on bloodstock. His *nom de plume* was "Audax," and his weekly article under that name was read all over the world. Besides being a judge of a horse he was a very fine shot and all-round sportsman.

Captain de Courcy Parry, M.F.H., who was in the Seaforth Highlanders in the last war, joined up in the ranks at the beginning of this one, and was in France from the start. He is another sporting writer, under the disguise of the name "Dalesman," now in Scotland, where he gets no hunting. His own pack, the United, hunts the borders of England and Wales, and is carrying on. In peace time he hunts the Clune Valley beagles as well, and takes his foxhounds one day a week to Warwickshire by invitation. He lives at the Anchor Inn, miles from anywhere, and there is an amusing story to explain why. One day, tired and wet, he called there on his way home from hunting, and owing to the prevailing licensing laws, could not get a drink. Not to be foiled, he bought the pub, and has made a great success of running it.

Another ranker from the beginning of the war is young Michael Lyne, the sporting artist and writer. His book, "Horses, Hounds and Country," written and illustrated by himself, was published by Eyre & Spottiswoode about two years ago, and was a success. His first exhibition of sporting pictures was held in Bond Street at about the same time. When home on leave he hunts the Cotswold Beagles, and very well too, and let us hope he will be doing it again soon.

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desire to record their appreciation for the many expressions of sympathy which they have received from customers in the Services and other friends, and hope that at this stage they will accept this notice as conveying their sincere gratitude.

Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

THE THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

CHUBB SAFES

THE THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

Keep on buying
Savings
Certificates

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

MODE



in two parts

To keep to our ration of paper, Mode, this Autumn, is much smaller in size and printed on India paper. The result is a charming miniature catalogue as full as ever of beautiful pictures of the newest clothes and their accessories. A further Government restriction makes it necessary for Mode to be in two parts: the **First Part**, which includes Frocks, Coats, Hats, Shoes, Underwear, and Girls' Clothes, **will be sent free**, as usual, on application. The **Second Part** illustrates all these things which cannot be advertised in a free book: Furs, Suits, Knitwear, Bags and Gloves, Corsets, Woven Underwear and Woollens, Clothes for Men, Boys' Clothes, and Electrical Equipment, and many most attractive articles for presents to serving men and women or for early Christmas Presents. We have official permission to send this to you if you pay a penny to show a genuine interest in the merchandise it advertises. **Anyone with an account at Jenners need only send a postcard asking for the Second Part of Mode and for their account to be debited; otherwise please send a penny stamp.**

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
LIMITED

A Model
by
Bradleys

Chepstow
Place, W.2.
BAYSWATER
1200



An example from a collection of original gown models in woollen materials created by Bradley designers for all daytime occasions and for wearing under fur coats. The complete collection is now being shown in the Gown Salons.

"Le Gant" makes a Smart Dress Smarter



The clever idea behind a "Le Gant" Corset belt is something more than a firm support that keeps you slim. Le Gant knows that this lithe, natural figure comes when the belt is ingeniously thin and rigid. Let our "Le Gant" fitter tell you what style is best for you.

Belts from 23'6 to 41½ gns.
Corselettes from 3 to 6½ gns.

Model shown is 75' -
Brassiere - - 16'9

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

Harvey Nichols and Co., Ltd., S.W.1 Sloane 3440



FINGER-TIPS IN UNIFORM

(AND IN MUFTI)



FINGER-TIPS in uniform are discreet. Most service women who come to the Peggy Sage Salon choose from the subtle range of pale polish shades. Women in the non-military services favour WHIMSY, a lovely subdued rose. But when women are in mufti (and what an exciting flavour that dull word has now that women have stolen it from men!) they gaily take their finger-tips out of uniform, and turn to Peggy Sage's more burning colours. FEZ, a dark clear red, vibrant and exciting, is an especial favourite. MANTILLA leads the 'mauve-toned' group. And for women who like subdued but romantic finger-tips REGENCY is the choice.

Of course, all Peggy Sage's polishes wear hard and long, standing up to the most exacting war-time demands.

You can buy Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world-famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters.

Peggy Sage

Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialists

SALONS:

LONDON: 130 NEW BOND STREET, W.1
(at corner of Grosvenor Street)
TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 0396

NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57th STREET

WANTED FURS & FUR COATS

Highest Prices Paid
SEND TO-DAY

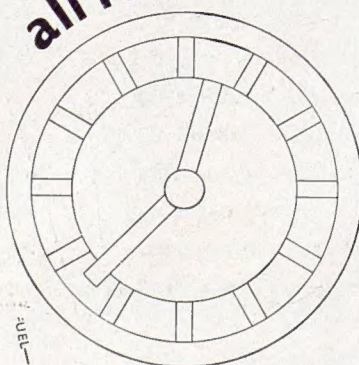
We refund carriage and make offer
per return

CHILD, 32 Hill St., Birmingham
Est. 45 years Bankers: Lloyds

AERTEX

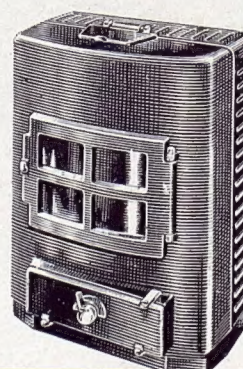
lets
the body
breathe

all round the clock



provides
SAFE
HEALTHY
HEAT
AT LEAST
COST

ESSE



SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD

Established 1854
Bonnybridge Scotland
11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4
Branches: Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow

*The closer the
bubbles the
sweeter the shave*



COMPACTNESS THE SECRET OF GOOD LATHER. It is not the quantity, but the texture of your shaving lather which makes all the difference. The ideal lather consists of millions of minute bubbles, closely packed together.

It is these tiny bubbles which hold your bristles upright against the advancing blade.

AVOCADO PEAR OIL KEEPS LATHER COMPACT. As the name suggests, Avocado Shaving Cream contains

the rich oil of the Avocado pear.

This oil makes the most compact and efficient lather you ever enjoyed in your life. Your razor skims effortlessly over your chin, giving you the coolest, smoothest and closest of shaves. And the Avocado pear oil prevents your skin from feeling "tight" after shaving.

Avocado Shaving Cream is made by the famous firm of Coty, and costs 1/6 a tube. You can also obtain it in shaving stick form, at the same price.

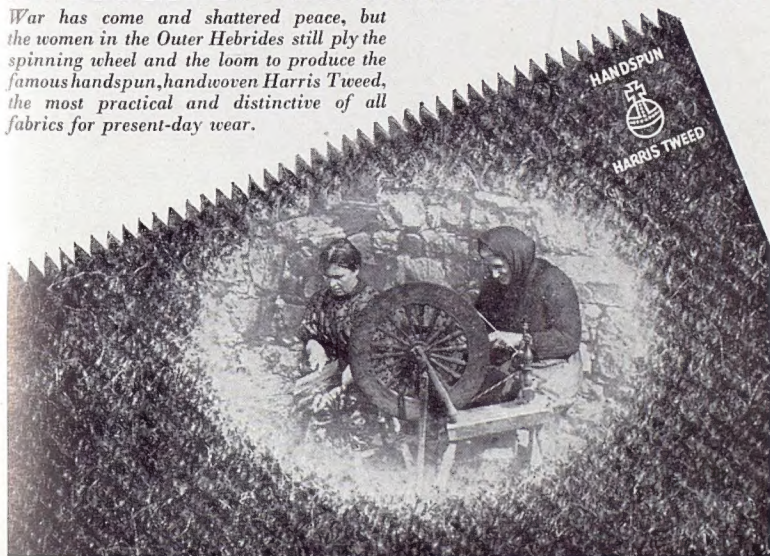


AVOCADO *Shaving Cream*

MADE BY COTY FOR MEN

A PRODUCT OF TRADITIONAL CRAFTSMANSHIP

War has come and shattered peace, but the women in the Outer Hebrides still ply the spinning wheel and the loom to produce the famous handspun, handwoven Harris Tweed, the most practical and distinctive of all fabrics for present-day wear.



HARRIS TWEED

THE Harris Tweed Trade Mark with the word **HANDSPUN** above it, stamped on the cloth itself, is an absolute guarantee that the tweed has been made entirely by hand from pure Scottish wool. The yarn must be spun by hand on the spinning wheel and woven by hand at the homes of the islanders. Every process must be carried out in the Outer Hebrides—the home of Harris Tweed.

The word **HANDSPUN** above the Trade Mark is a definite assurance that the cloth so stamped is a handspun Harris Tweed made in exactly the same way as has been done for generations.



LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH

Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Limited, 5 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

Keep that happy expression

When the problems of the day seem beyond you, light up a "Player".

In the enjoyment of its fragrant aroma difficulties become less formidable, and composure is restored.

Remember at all times that happy expression "Player's Please".

★
IN THE NATIONAL
INTEREST EMPTY YOUR
PACKET AT TIME OF
PURCHASE AND LEAVE
WITH YOUR
TOBACCONIST



MEDIUM OR MILD • PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS • 10 for 9^d 20 for 1/5¹⁰

N.C.C.529C

Cool-ees

By **joyce**

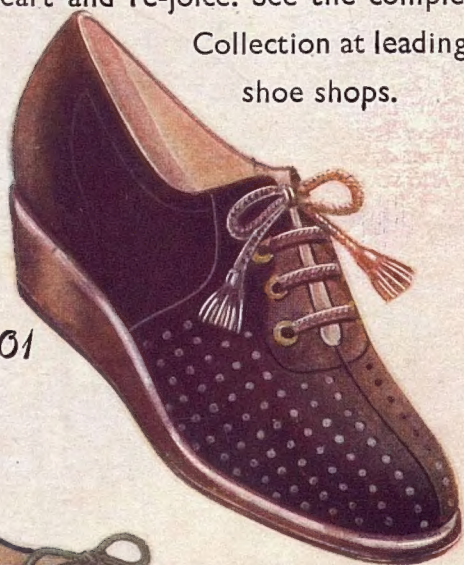
CALIFORNIA

There's something decidedly dashing afoot when you're wearing a pair of Cool-ees. They're fun without being frivolous — and they're priced to play fair with your purse. Here are four peppy models that will make you lift up your heart and re-joyce. See the complete Autumn

Collection at leading stores and shoe shops.



U.S. 101



Bolero

*Not an expensive luxury
— but a luxurious
Economy!*

Basque



Corsair

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